*Peda.* And certes the text most infallibly concludes it. Sir I doe inuite you too, you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.* Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.*

*Bero.* The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am coursing my selfe.
They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pitch that defiles; defile a foule word: Well, set thee downe sorrow: for so they say the foole said, and so say I, and I the foole: well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as mad as *Aiax*, it kils sheepe, it kills mee, I a sheep: well proued againe a my side. I will not loue; if I doe hang mee: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath taught me to Rime, and to be mallichollie: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie. Well, she hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clowne, sweeter Foole, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

*He stands aside.* *The King entreth.*

*Kin.* Ay mee!

*Ber.* Shot by heauen: proceede sweet *Cupid*, thou hast thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left pap: in faith secrets.

*King.* So sweet a kisse the golden Sunne giues not,
To those fresh morning drops vpon the Rose,
As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse haue smot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes,
Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright,
Through the transparant bosome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:
Thou shin'st in euery teare that I doe weepe,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:
So rid'st thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my griefe will show:

But



But doe not loue thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe.
O Queene of Queenes, how farre dost thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell
How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweet leaues shade folly. Who is he comes heer?

*Enter Longauile.* *The King*

What *Longauill*, and reading: listen eare.
*Ber.* Now in thy likenesse, one more foole appe
*Long.* Ay me, I am forsworne.
*Ber.* Why, he comes in like a periure, wearing p
*Long.* In loue I hope, sweet fellowship in shame
*Ber.* One drunkard loues another of the name.
*Lon.* Am I the first, that haue beene periur'd so
*Ber.* I could put thee in comfort, not by two th
Thou makest the triumphery, the corner cap of soci
The shape of Loues Tiburne, that hangs vp simpli
*Lon.* I feare these stubborn lines lack power to
O sweet *Maria*, Empresse of my Loue,
These numbers will I teare, and write in prose.
*Ber.* O Rimes are gards on wanton *Cupids* hos
Disfigure not his Shop.
*Lon.* This same shall goe.

*He reades the Sonnet.*

*Did not the heauenly Rhetorick of thine*
*Gainst whom the world cannot hold*
*Perswade my heart to this false periurie?*
*Vowes for thee broke deserues not punishm*
*A woman I forswore, but I will proue,*
*Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not the*
*My vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Lo*
*Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace*
*Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapou*
*Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth d*
*Exhalest this vapor-vow, in thee it is:*
*If broken, then it is no fault of mine:*
*If by me broke, what foole is not so wise,*
*To lose an oath, to win a Paradise?*